

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest my Lord?

Ham. I fir, to be honest as this world goes
Is to be one man pickt out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sunne breed maggots in a dead dogge, being a
good kissing carrion. Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th Sun, conception is a blessing,
But as your daughter may conceive, friend looke to't.

Pol. How say you by that? still harping on my daughter, yet he
knew me not at first, a said I was a fish-monger, a is far gone; and
truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love, very neare
this: Ile speake to him againe. What doe you read my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter my Lord?

Ham. Betweene who?

Pol. I meane the matter that you read my Lord:

Ham. Slanders fir: for the Satyricall Rogue saies here, that old
men have gray beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes
purging thicke Amber, and Plum-tree Gum, and that they have a
plentiuall lacke of wit, together with most weake hams, all which
fir though I most powerfully and potently beleeeve, yet I hold it
not honestie to have it thus set downe, for your selfe fir shall grow
old, as I am, if like a crab you could goe backward.

Pol. Though this be madnesse, yet there is method in't, will
you walke out of the aire my Lord?

Ham. Into my grave.

Pol. Indeed that's out of the aire; how pregnant sometimes
his replies are? a happines that often madnes hits on, which rea-
son and sanctitie could not so happily be delivered of. I will leave
him and my daughter. My Lord I will take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot take from me any thing that I will not more
willingly part withall, except my life except my life, except my
life.

Enter Guildensterne and Rosencraus.

Pol. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

Pol. You goe to seeke the Lord Hamlet, there he is.

Ros.

Prince of Denmark

Ros. God save your fir.

Guil. My honoured Lord.

Ros. My most deare Lord.

Ham. My excellent good fir
Ah Rosencraus, good lads how

Ros. As the indifferent chi

Guyl. Happy in that we are

We are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her f

Ros. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you live about

Guyl. Faith her privates w

Ham. In the secret parts of
pet. What newes?

Ros. None my Lord, but th

Ham. Then is Doomes-
But in the beaten way of frien

Ros. To visit you my Lord,

Ham. Begger that I am, I a
you, and sure deare friends my

were you not sent for? is it yo
tion? come, come, deale just

Guyl. What should we say

Ham. Any thing, but to'th
is a kind of confession in your
not craft enough to colour:
have sent for you.

Ros. To what end my Lord

Ham. That you must teach
rights of our fellowships, by
obligation of our ever prefer
better proposer can charge yo
me whether you were sent for

Ros. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I have an ei

Guyl. My Lord we were se

Ham. I will tell you why,
discovery, and your secrecy t